All a stucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?
Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?
M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse mee hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your sword out of his pitcher by the eares? make haste, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come sir, your Passado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.
Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
Ro. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or I shall faint, a plague a both yo
They haue made wormes meate o
I haue it, and soundly, to your hou

Ro. This Gentleman the Prin
My very friend hath got this mor
In my behalfe, my reputation stai
With *Tybalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* tha
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete
Thy bewtie hath made me effemi
And in my temper softned valour

Enter Benuolio

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd th
Which too vntimely here did sco
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on m
This but begins, the wo others m
Ben. Here comes the furious T
Ro. He gan in triumph and
Away to heauen, respectiue lenit
And fier and furie, be my condu
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine bac
That late thou gauest me, for M
Is but a little way aboue our head
Staying for thine to keepe him co
Either thou or I, or both, must go
Ty. Thou wretched boy that d
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This shall determine that

They Fight. Tibal

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt*
Stand not amazed, the Prince w
If thou art taken, hence be gone

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH